THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

WIDESPREAD INTEREST CREATED BY THE SUN'S DESCRIPTION OF THEM.

Fourteen Thousand Women and Girls Banded Together to do Good—The System Described—Hints and Helps for the Order as Sent Out from Headquarters—Some Instances of Good Already Done—The Labors of Mrs. Bottome who Started the Sisterhood—The Poetry of the Order.

Since the publication of a recent article in THE SUN concerning the Order of Christian Service called the King's Daughters, founded in New York city in 1886, so numerous and varied have been the inquiries instituted that a more comprehensive statement concerning its methods, purposes, and spirit seems to be demanded. An avalanche of letters has fallen upon the Secretary of the society, and more are still arriving as a result of this article, 600 being received in four consecutive days from all parts of the United States, twenty letters coming from the city of Denver alone, and three from Paris, all mentioning THE SUN's article, and asking for information concerning the organization of new "Tens," or "Circles," as they are now called, for the rapid growth of the order has caused the abandonment of the original "Ten times one" clubs. A "circle" may now contain less than ten, or more than ten, as the requirements of the particular branch of work to which they devote themselves may demand. The original "Central Ten" has increased its number to fifteen, and is now known as the "Central Council," of which Mrs. Bottome is President, and Mrs. M. L. Dickinson of 230 West Fifty-ninth street is Secretary.

As was explained in THE SUN's original article, the significance of wearing the badge of the King's Daughters and adopting the motto of the Sisterhood, "In His Name," is that the member is willing to recognize and serve for good any other woman or girl, stranger or friend, or comply with any reasonable request made by her when made "In His Name." Thus the woman of wealth and fashion breaks down the barrier between herself and the shop girl who sells her goods, and people in any and all circumstances in life recognize each other and aid each other.

Mrs. Bottome is well known to the ladies of society in New York, Brooklyn, and Washington through her Bible talks in parlors and drawing rooms, and the Daughters of the King

THE BADGE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS—A SILVER CROSS TIED WITH ROYAL PURPLE RIBBON.

throughout the world may glean something of the spirituality, strength, and grace of their founder and leader from a little book called "Crumbs from the King's Table" which she has written for the society, bound in the royal color and stamped with the silver Maltese cross, which is the badge of the Daughters. Strong and majestic in presence, with soft white hair framing a tender, earnest face; with a smile as glad and sunny as a child's, and a melodious, deep, restful voice, which soothes while it strengthens and inspires, this daughter of the royal household dispenses continually the dignity and graciousness and gentleness which characterize the manners of the King's court. Little or no authority is vested in her office, as there is no rank among the King's Daughters. They are all children of one household, acknowledging allegiance only to one common Father, but she is the spiritual inspiration at the deliberations of the Central Council; the writer of many letters of help and advice to general branches of the order; the eloquent and magnetic teacher of her sisters in the King's household, and from her earnest and busy life of good deeds emanates a spirit of active benevolence which permeates the whole society.

Upon the Secretary, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, devolves the real superintendence of the vast organization, acting ever in accordance with the decisions and advice of the Central Council. Something of the extent and importance of her work may be understood when we consider that of a society numbering, according to the latest enumeration of the badge maker, 14,600 members, she is the only General Secretary. The head of each new circle reports to her concerning its members and work, and all questions with regard to the kind of work done and the method of its accomplishment are referred to her and answered by personal letters, since no general rule can be made to cover the work of so great a body of workers.

These letters are all put on file, and from them an attempt is being made to organize the society into chapters and State associations, and to prepare some classified report of the work accomplished. Mrs. Dickinson's plans are as yet in embryo, and cannot be explained in detail, but as soon as perfected will be given to the order through its own channels and explained to those who may wish to join the sisterhood by persons authorized by the Central Council. The aim of the society at present is organizing, rather than increasing, its membership, though a hearty welcome is extended to all sincere Christian workers who desire to enter the service of the King. Though very conservative in principle, there is nothing secret about the organization, and the caution of its leaders against the publicity of the press grows out of a fear that the popularity and picturesqueness of the order will attract people of sentiment rather than spirituality to enlist under its banner.

Miss G. H. Libbey of 18 Washington place controls the sale of the badges and the distribution of the circulars, and the King's Daughters' cross can be obtained at no other place. It is a small Maltese cross of polished silver inscribed with the letters I. H. N., and is worn with or without a knot of purple ribbon. The cost of the badge is thirty cents, and the annual fee of membership is ten cents, a sum not too large to debar the poor from joining, or to prove a barrier to larger gifts from the rich.

Since the King's Daughters are responsible only to the King, and since the aim of the society is to create a spirit of helpfulness among women, each circle is to choose its own line of work and method of performing the same. If, however, no work suggests itself to them, or complications arise which trouble and perplex them, a written statement of their needs to Mrs. Dickinson is answered by advice and instruction. A constitution has been adopted for the use of the Central Council, but for the general use of the society the following "Hints and Helps," prepared by Mrs. Dickinson, are the only published laws:

HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE ORDER.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Each branch consists of at least ten members.

The General Society includes all branches.

Any woman may form a branch by uniting nine other women with herself for joint effort in doing good.

Each branch may choose its special work. Any thing, however small or simple, that helps another human being to be better or happier is proper work for the Daughters of the King.

There should be frequent meetings of each Ten, at such intervals as they may choose. Such meetings should open with a passage of Scripture or a hymn and prayer. Reports should be given of the good accomplished, and plans for future work discussed.

Whatever special work may be done, all branches have the common work of increasing the number of Tens. Every member of a Ten may form any number of Tens. One may be the King's Daughter and unite with no Ten. On the other hand, Tens may be formed without adopting the order's chosen name. Each Ten may organize and elect officers, but in so small a body it is not essential. The one who forms a Ten should keep a list of members and lines of work, and such interesting features and incidents as mark the growth and purposes of the branch.

It is contrary to the spirit of so elastic an organization to define the routine of what each Ten shall be and do. These points each must settle in accordance with its own conditions. The same suggestions would not be helpful to all branches, and any question that may arise in the practical working of a branch may be addressed to the Secretary.

Any woman desirous of forming a circle should write to Miss Libbey for the badges and to Mrs. Dickinson for advice concerning work proposed, and to report work in progress or completed.

"I designed the order for a spiritual work," said Mrs. Bottome; "but the spirit has taken on a body, strong, active, and vigorous, which goes about doing good 'In His Name.'"

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about the society is its effect upon children. In schools and homes, factories, shops, at service, or in the streets the little Daughters of the King cherish with proud affection the symbol of their order, and express their comprehension of its purport and signification in various acts of loyalty, unselfishness, and devotion. There are Truthful Tens and Generous Tens, Quiet Tens and Studious Tens, Helpful Tens and Patient Tens, Busy Tens and Watchful Tens, Heartsease Tens, and one Happy Ten. A Philadelphia lady describes the latter as originated by a poor woman who scrubs for her daily bread. Hearing a querulous little girl complaining one day over some trifling grievance, she said; "Katie, bring me next Saturday nine little girls as unhappy as you." On Saturday they came, shy and silent, were enrolled as Daughters of the King, and received each her cross and ribbon. When they met again the following week they were as happy and bright as little sunbeams.

"Well, Katie," was asked, "what have you done since you began to wear the cross?"

"I have borrowed Maggie."

"And who is Maggie?"

"She is Mrs. Smith's baby. She cries when her mother waits on the boarders. I thought I would give Mrs. Smith a little peace. So every day when meal time comes I go over and borrow Maggie."

A tiny little maiden in Chicago reported dolefully at the weekly meeting of her circle: "Oh, I have not done enough," and then she wrote: "Monday—Set the table and minded the baby. Tuesday—Onset the table and minded the baby. Wednesday—Onset the table, minded the baby and made the bed," and so on through the week she had set and "onset" the table and "minded the baby," and had not done enough.

A poor little child who joined the order went to a neighbor of her mother's, who was moving, and putting out her wee little hands she lisped sweetly: "I have come to help move. I am a King's Daughter, and I can carry a good deal."

One of the young society girls in Chicago called on a little girl in the hospital. The sick child had been reading of another sick girl somewhere in Pennsylvania, who was cutting dolls' patterns to earn money to buy herself an invalid chair. As soon as her call was finished the sweet-hearted little King's Daughter called her band together, and they tramped through snow and slush until they raised by subscription the $40 required to purchase the chair for the little girl they had never seen.

A little band in Calumet avenue gave up their Easter eggs and cards and devoted the money to buying pictures for the children in the hospitals. These pictures the tiny King's Daughters pasted into scrap books with patient care, and inscribed upon each book in childish, sprawling letters the motto, "In His Name."

A beautiful Daughter of the King, a young girl of great grace of person and loveliness of character, having heard Mrs. Bottome give one of her little parlor sermons, went and asked her as a special favor to go and talk to the women in the Tombs just as she had talked to the ladies in the drawing room. On the day appointed the young girl went in a carriage filled with flowers and took Mrs. Bottome to the prison. The scene was striking and impressive as the women with hardened, dull faces filed into the long dismal room, at one end of which Mrs. Bottome's strong tender face smiled down upon them from behind a mass of flowers, with the sweet-faced, innocent little girl beside her. As the tender words of the "old, old story" fell soothingly from her lips, the hard faces softened a little and quivered, while some bowed their heads. When they filed back to their cells again tears fell fast as the girl gave to each a cluster of blossoms and a smile like sunshine "In His Name."

Incidents multiply and the record is exhaustless. Hearts are cheered, homes brightened, anxieties soothed, pain relieved, care lightened, and souls saved by the loving Daughters of the King. Their mission, purpose, and spirit are incorporated in the following little poem, written by Mrs. Dickinson and endorsed by the Central Council:

Princesses are they of a royal line?
Soft clad in purple? Nay, not so, not so;
The heirs of one whose kingdom is divine,
They walk in white, and meekly, as they go,
Whose robes of scarlet have been made like snow.

Princesses still, in ermine, white like wool,
Cleansed by the King's own touch from spot or stain;
Emptied of self; of His own life so full
That overflowing on a world in pain
They bless and serve, and in their service reign.

For them the place of honor at the feast?
And close at His right hand the highest seat?
Nay; 'mong His little ones to be the least,
To feed His hungry souls their bread and meat
And their's the lowliest place at His dear feet.

Swift from their clasp should drop all sceptres down,
To free their hands, God's healing cups to bear;
Swift from their brows lift e'en a royal crown,
Lest His name in their foreheads written fair
Be hidden, and some sad soul miss it there.

Their joy should be to bear His cross and shame;
Their care, to pour for others' wounds a balm;
Their rest, to labor grandly "In His Name;"
To bring troubled souls His blessed calm;
To change earth's cries of anguish to a psalm.

How shall we know them if their lips are dumb?
If lives are eloquent with duets that sing;
Along their track the kingdom swift shall come!
Where'er they pass new hopes be blossoming,
And new souls find the Father in the King.

In 1870 there was published in the *Old and New*, a Unitarian magazine of Boston, edited by Edward Everett Hale, a poem entitled "The King's Daughter," by Rebecca S. Palfrey (daughter of the late Rev. Cazneau Palfrey of Cambridge, Mass.), now wife of the Rev. David Utter, pastor of the Church of the Messiah of Chicago. In 1886 this poem was republished in magazines and papers. Among others who saw and admired it was a member of the King's Daughters. The society adopted it as appropriately embodying the sentiment of their order, and wrote to Mrs. Utter concerning it, which resulted in a published leaflet, with four verses of the poem, handsomely illuminated with the royal color, for distribution among its members.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

She wears no jewels upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But, tho' she walk in plain attire now,
She is a daughter of the King, and when
Her Father calls her at His throne to wait
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in His land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all His people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them, every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect thro' dangers manifold
While many sink and fail on either hand.
She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command;
She need not be afraid of anything
Because she is a daughter of the King!

Even where the Angel comes that men call Death—
And name with terror—it appals not her;
She turns to look at him with quickened breath,
Thinking "It is the royal messenger!"
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back to live within the palace walls.

For tho' the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, like picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that "imperial palace" whence she came;
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because—she is a daughter of the King!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

April 1 and its Free Horns in the Connecticut of Former Years.

The extracts recently printed in THE SUN from the day book of a New York merchant of long ago reminded a down-town business man of a find of his in the same direction.

"It was an old book of the same kind," said he, in telling the story, "and I came across it last summer up in Connecticut, in my native village. I was much amused at the frequent recurrence of charges against customers for a 'horn,' the entries being 'Mr. Blank Dr. to 1 horn 3d.' The horn was about a third of a tumbler of rum or brandy, drawn from the barrel into the glass, and passed over the counter to the drinker. There was a gulp and a scowl and a pucker of the lips, a hasty swallow of water, and then all was serene. I often used to watch the old codgers drink, and the water part puzzled me. I asked my mother about it, and she said that the rum burned the men's throats so that they had to drink the water.

"The many small charges that this old book showed would seem very queer nowadays. But then there was very little ready money in circulation. Cash was hardly ever paid for anything in those country stores. All sorts of articles of barter and farmers' produce were taken by the storekeeper and their value credited to the account of the man who brought them. Every account ran on until the 1st of April, the settling day for great and small. No matter how trifling the transactions may have been, even if the book account amounted to only fifty cents for the year, it was a point of honor to settle it on that day. These settlements called for some acknowledgment on the part of the merchant, and it usually took the form of a horn of rum or brandy. Of course the account had to be of more than a few shillings to entitle the payer to a drink.

"A story was told with great gusto in my young days of the use an old farmer of S——, Philo R., or Uncle Philo, once made of this commercial custom. He made his appearance quite early one 1st of April, and was evidently prepared to pay up. But first he asked the storekeeper whether he intended to treat those who paid him money. The storekeeper answered cheerily that he would do so whenever the bill was big enough to warrant it. Uncle Philo inquired cautiously what amount was the lowest whose payment would be recognized by a free drink. He was told that the payment of twenty shillings, or $2.50, would be considered enough to entitle a man to a horn. After a sly glance at his bill Uncle Philo tendered twenty shillings "on account," and announced that he would take some rum. The storekeeper saw at once the drift of the thing, but could not demur, and the horn was forthcoming. After sitting by the stove a while and nursing up his thirst, the old man produced another twenty shillings and absorbed another horn. It took him nearly all day in this way to settle up his account, and when he finally trudged home with his receipted bill in his pocket he was pretty well fuddled with the storekeeper's rum."

HUNGARIANS IN NEW YORK.

MAGYARS, SLOVACKS, HEBREWS.

The Great Increase in their Numbers—Quarters where they Live—Peculiarities of Customs, Languages, and also Ideas.

A class of foreigners who, from a very modest beginning, are growing rapidly into numerical importance in New York, are the Hungarians. Twenty years ago a compatriot of Kossuth who had come to this city to settle was as rare and as much remarked as was a Chinaman at that time. Now the Hungarians have their own particular colony, their own industries, several places of worship and of meeting, their own lodging houses, restaurants, shops, and saloons. Not a week passes but adds to their number, hundreds of emigrants arriving almost daily at Castle Garden from Hungary. Prior to the year 1874 there was practically no emigration to the United States from Hungary except such as took place immediately following the revolutionary troubles of 1848, which caused the expatriation of many of the nobility who had taken part in the uprising. The whole number of Hungarians in the city of New York in 1872 did not exceed 750. Subsequent to the year 1874 Hungary, which depends almost exclusively on its agriculture, lost in Europe its dominating position as the great granary of supply, Russia and Roumania both exceeding it. This changed condition of affairs entailed many serious consequences, the first of which was an inevitable reduction in the already low standard of wages paid farm hands and the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The rural districts having ceased to produce sufficient cereals for export, many of their inhabitants were driven to the cities, wherein, by reason of this sudden influx of newcomers, competition became choked, and the only relief which the Government could suggest, or the laborers discover, was found in emigration to the United States. In the seven years following 1874 the Hungarian population in the city of New York rose from 750 to 4,011, while the mining districts of Pennsylvania—the Schuylkill anthracite coal region especially—became crowded with Hungarians. Since 1880 the Hungarian population of New York city has increased fully 500 per cent., and it is now very nearly 20,000 and constantly growing. Two-thirds of these Hungarians are Hebrews, and between them and the Slovacks, who are agriculturists in their own country and day laborers here, a distinction must be made.

The Slovacks come from the mountains; the Hebrews come from the plains. The former were peasants or miners at home; the latter were peddlers and traders. The distinction, which is a marked one, is further emphasized by the fact that whereas the Hungarian Hebrews speak German, and are therefore qualified to become retail dealers in a big city like New York, the Slovacks speak the idiom of their own part of Hungary, which approaches very nearly to the guttural language of the Bohemians, whose near neighbors they are in Austria. As a consequence of this the Slovack and Hebrew Hungarians come over here separately—the number to arrive in Castle Garden last year was 17,719—and keep entirely separate and distinct while in this country. The Slovacks come to the United States with the purpose of acquiring means enough to return to Hungary and end their days there in comparative affluence, whereas the Hungarian Hebrews come here to stay, and so immediately begin to acquire the language (depending on German at first) and to assimilate with the other inhabitants. As is the case nowadays with all foreigners who emigrate to New York from places in Europe where the English language is not known, the Hungarians have their particular quarter of town. It extends from Pitt street to Clinton street, and from Rivington to Houston. Attorney street, between Rivington and Houston, contains the largest number of Hungarian Hebrews. They have four synagogues of their own rite in this vicinity, and may be said now to dominate the whole vicinity. A Hungarian neighborhood may be distinguished not alone by the flaming "Ungarn" signs and by the dark hair and faces of the inhabitants, but by the utilization of basements for all business purposes. Bakeries, butcher shops, saloons, restaurants, and provision stores are invariably, in the Hungarian quarter, a few feet below the level of the sidewalk. Where a store on the first floor and leading directly off of the street is occupied for business, it will be found always on inquiry that the lessee is not a Hungarian, but a German or a person of some other nationality. The Slovacks, who number in New York city about 6,500, devote themselves to the hardest kind of manual labor. They work in gangs on the aqueduct, in the tearing down of old buildings on the water front, and in excavations. The Hungarian Hebrews are for the most part peddlers and small traders. They are sidewalk merchants in toys, itinerant match and window glass venders, picture framers, and cloth spongers. They have a practical (and very profitable) monopoly of the "theatre-ticket" scalping business, and are dealing considerably in the wine and brandy trade in a small retail way. Antagonistic as the two classes of Hungarians are to each other they have many points of resemblance. The Hungarian emigrant is small and spare. He has coal black eyes, coal black hair, and a face usually very sallow. He is firm of build and quick of speech. One point of difference between the Hungarian and his Polish brother, Christian or Hebrew, is uniformly to be found. The Pole's voice frequently grows shrill; the Hungarian's never. While the nobility of Hungary has always been conspicuous in Europe for the dignity, the pomp, and the valor which characterizes its members, the farm hands and day laborers, who as emigrants go to swell the population of American cities and mining towns, do not rank very high. Leaving their own country only from pressure of necessity, the petty and penurious economies they practice when abroad bring them into actual rivalry in this regard with the Chinese, with whom they have several points in common. Like them they are extremely frugal, the love of whiskey of the former about balancing the opium habit of the latter. Like the Chinese, too, they are very exclusive, and a main objection to them is that, like the Chinese, they do not intend to remain where they settle. The Slovack fairly rivals the Hungarian Hebrew in industry, and exceeds him in strength, but his besetting desire for strong drink (which the Hebrew does not share) dissipates the fruits of his frugality, and when indulged even makes him turbulent, unreasonable, and sometimes murderous. Unlike the gypsies of Hungary, the Slovacks are not born beggars; on the contrary, these are always willing to work, and to work all the harder if, by so doing, their object may be reached the sooner. Many of them are strictly day laborers, and never possessed in their own country property beyond a little hut and an acre or two of sterile land. They all belong to the Slavonic race, and are none of them genuine Magyars. They come principally from the northern part of Hungary, which is proverbial for its poorness of soil and resources, in consequence of which the Slovacks are the poorest there. Their manner of living here, as at home, is plain. They have nothing but one room, wherein the whole family lives and sleeps promiscuously. The furniture and outfit are generally very primitive, and for the most part home made. Their accustomed drink is brandy made from potatoes or prunes, and called "slivovitz." Of late years this brandy has been exported in large quantities from Hungary to the United States. It is bitter to the taste, fiery in its effects, and a very few glasses of it, taken in succession, would cause a breach of the peace. The Hungarian diet consists principally of milk, potatoes, corn, rye bread and fresh meat bought from the butcher in the shape of the lungs, livers, or other unpopular but cheap portions of the beef here called the "haslet." Their style of dress on arriving here is rather primitive than picturesque. The clothes of the men are made of coarse linen, over which is a suit made of thick woollen felting, in the natural color of the wool; a cap of sheepskin, pointed like a hussar's, completes the outfit, the style of which never changes. In the winter season an addition is made of a sheepskin "over all" made up from half a dozen skins which are tanned, the wool being left on. These roomy garments are worn with the wool on either side, and have usually some fancy embroidery of gaudy design. The Hungarian national colors are green, gold, and red, and these enter largely into their attire, decorations, signs, and ornaments. They afford, too, a certain picturesqueness which is generally found to be lacking in the aspect of the individuals. In the Eleventh ward, on the extreme east side of town above the present Hungarian quarter, the more successful and well-to-do Hungarian Hebrews are gradually spreading, some buying and some renting the neat and old-fashioned little two-story brick houses with which that section abounds. As a class they are quick, intelligent, and capable, and under existing conditions in the United States are pretty sure to become valuable citizens. They are not to be confounded with those who during the last few years have been emigrating from southern Russia, or with the red-bearded, vociferous, and restless Polanders from Vilna or Gallcia. The financial and agricultural depression which continues to prevail in Hungary, the constantly recurring floods, and the never-absent menace of war afford no indications of an abatement in the volume of emigration which, since the enactment of the law against imported labor, is now centring in the city of New York. At the present rate of increase it is not unlikely that within two years there will be 50,000 Hungarians, against 4,011 in 1880. As they are thrifty and industrious, and none of them paupers, criminals, or idlers, their accession to the population of the city is calculated to be of benefit. At the present time the birth rate and the marriage rate is higher in Hungary than in any other country either in Europe or America, but, through bad sanitary arrangements, the death rate (especially among children) is higher there than elsewhere, so that the population shows but a small percentage of increase, which is more than offset by emigration. There is no reason to suppose that the birth rate, so high at home, will decrease among the Hungarians of New York; but there is every reason to imagine that our improved Board of Health arrangements will reduce their death rate materially. The annual birth rate in New York city is 34.7 per thousand inhabitants; in Buda-Pesth it is 45. Compared with other countries the rate per thousand of population in Hungary is most surprisingly high:

	Annual Birth Rate per thousand.	Annual Death Rate per thousand.
Hungary	43.0	38.9
Germany	39.9	27.1
Spain	37.0	27.1
Italy	39.9	29.9
United States	36.7	27.1
Holland	38.2	24.8
Australia	36.0	28.5
England	34.3	21.9
France	25.0	23.6

There are a few Magyars in New York—very few. But they hold themselves aloof from all other Hungarians, Hebrew and Slovack alike. Their pursuits are mercantile generally, but those among them who have experienced hard fortune here, or who were sent from Hungary for waywardness, take instinctively to trading in horses, of which all Magyars are good judges, their country producing some of the finest stock in Europe and supplying the cavalry steeds of all the Continental nations of Europe except Russia.

SUPERSTITION ABOUT LUCK.

Circus and Menagerie Men Freer from it than Actors—But Japs Have it Bad.

The Vaidi sisters are two pretty English girls who do some very good trapeze work. One of them performs a dive, head foremost, from the very top of the proscenium arch, a dizzy height, into a net suspended just above the heads of the spectators in the parquet. That is one of the most thrillingly effective feats ever shown here in public, but, in point of fact, is very little if any more dangerous than a number of things that they do together on the trapeze before that finale. So long as the performer comes down into the net there need be no fear. There is more danger in the breaking of a tightly strained guy wire at a critical moment, by which the trapeze might be violently jerked out of place and the performer thrown off, away outside the net, to fall upon the backs of the orchestra chairs and be picked up a mass of broken bones and mangled flesh, perhaps dead. To guard against this as far as possible the greatest care is exercised in the stretching of the wire and rope guys, which is all gone over and examined before each performance. This, with the stretching of the net, takes several minutes. While these things are being done, the two sisters stand waiting in the first entrance, on the "prompt" side of the stage, with big cloaks draped about their scantily clad forms, and their mother close behind them. When the signal is given that all is ready, the mother draws off their cloaks. Then the two girls embrace and kiss each other, and grasping hands each kisses the other's hands. After that they dart out on the stage, and a moment later they are up in the air risking their necks. If that little bit of sentimental business were done in public, it would be understood as a tawdry conceit for effect, like many other things in which gymnasts and acrobats indulge, with a view to impressing the spectators. But it is not. The embracing and kissing are all done "in the wings," where it is only by accident that a person near the footlights in the parquet on the opposite side of the stage may perchance see it. The general disposition to ascribe to superstition of some sort the motive impelling people to do somewhat unusual things, naturally suggests that as a reason for the Vaidi girls' demonstration. But upon inquiry it is learned that this is prompted by simple affection, nothing more. Each knows that it is well within the range of possibilities that the slipping of her hand, the failure by a hair's breadth of the other's grasp, or a break of the apparatus, may cause her sister's plunge to death, or that that fate may be her own, within the next few minutes. With that feeling in mind, the hand clasps, embraces, and kisses between the girls are simply a tenderer demonstration of the impulse that prompts comrades, when going into battle, to shake hands silently. It may be for the last time, and they know it.

There is little superstition among the limb and life venturing classes of public performers, far less than exists among people in the histrionic profession. Whether it is that the vigorous life of the former develops a more healthful and consequently sounder philosophy, or that their training has drilled them into a higher confidence in themselves and appreciation of the possibilities of human control over what weaker natures deem fate and luck, need not be discussed here. The fact is enough for present consideration. Of course there are exceptions to this, as to every other rule, but even when they do occur they are not violent, and generally have some pretty fair reason back of the seeming superstition alleged.

Mattie Jackson, for instance, will not ride in the circus ring on Good Friday. She avows a fear that some accident will happen to her if she does, as one did once upon a time when she broke the rule, or perhaps before she made it. But the fact is that she has a vague idea that it isn't right. And several other well-known riders have the same notion. A few male riders have a horror of seeing a cross-eyed woman when they are going to perform, but none develop it in such a rabid form as Augustin Daly's dread of a humpback, Frank Evans's of a bale of hay, or George Boniface's of a load of barrels. It indeed appears that the dread of having a superstition is more rife among circus people than any superstition is, for the excellent reason that they know a danger dreaded is more than half invited. A man whose nerves are to the slightest degree unstrung by expectancy of accident is likely to realize his expectation when attempting some feat that demands all the strength, skill, coolness, and nerve that he possesses. Very often a rider's performance is made timid and measurably ineffective simply by a groom's report to him that his horse "does not seem to be feeling all right." There is no superstition about that, but a consciousness that if the horse is not "all right" and up to good remembrance and observance of his training, the breaking of his rider's leg, or perhaps his neck, may be the consequence.

George Arstingstall, a well-known elephant trainer, who used to be in Barnum's show and now is in Europe, never would commence training a new elephant on a Friday. He was confident that if he did he would in some way have bad luck with the brute.

Will Newman, elephant trainer with Barnum & Bailey now, and who has been the principal in this line with this show for a number of years, will not begin the training of an elephant on any other day than Friday, and will even put off such a job for weeks until he can secure a Friday to devote to it. His wife, who also trains elephants, adopts the same rule, and nobody has been more successful than the Newmans in developing the latent intelligence of those ponderous pachyderms and endowing them with accomplishments.

It may hardly be fair to classify as superstitious the practice of carrying potatoes or horse chestnuts in the pockets as fetiches against rheumatism. If it is so, then there is a good deal of that sort of superstition among show folk, but they vehemently affirm that it is prompted by knowledge of the proved medicinal virtues of these articles. They ought to be able to speak understandingly on the subject, for no class of persons are more subject to rheumatism, through the exposures incidental to their avocation. It is their *bete noir*, and you will hardly find an old circus man who does not carry an assortment of recipes for its cure.

Japanese show people have superstition enough for not only their own share but for all the others. Each of their troupes of jugglers and acrobats includes in its membership one grave, earnest, bald-headed old heathen supposably accustomed to tussling with devils who would fain obstruct the work of the performers or bring them to grief. It is his business, before each important feat involving personal peril, to go about the stage scattering salt and volubly exploding prayers in his firecrackery lingo, to drive the demons away. In addition to his potent official efforts for the discouragement of the malign spirits thronging the surrounding ether, each performer carries about with him some sort of an amulet, and the fans that they so constantly employ have charms against the mischievous imps painted upon them.

A Great Sale of Majolica.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Since the Narford Hall or Fountaine collection was sold a few years ago, there has not been so good an opportunity for majolica collectors as was offered yesterday, when about 140 specimens from Lord Hastings's collection were sold, and very fair prices realized. The chief London dealers and a great many amateurs were present, and also the French, German, and Dutch dealers, who are, as a rule, able to give for this ware a higher price than English collectors, and as a rule the finest specimens fell to Paris dealers, either Stettiner, Lowengard, or Seligman. A very fine dish of Faenza majolica, with portraits of a lady and gentleman, 9½ inches in diameter, was very keenly competed for, and brought 200 guineas; a small Gubbio dish, with the Agnus Dei in relief in the centre, and a border of lustred ornaments and bosses, 43 guineas (Donaldson); an Urbino dish, portrait and scrolls, 19 guineas (Litchfield); a very fine specimen of the same ware, with "I. H. S." in centre and lustred brown, 74 guineas; and the best plate of this kind in the collection, of brown lustre with two crossed maces in centre, 155 guineas. Of the Pesaro ware, a fine dish, with sunk centre, and scrolls *en grisaille* on blue ground, brought 70 guineas. Of the Urbino ware, lot 89, a large dish on foot, with a composition of numerous figures, sold for 200 guineas (Durlacher). The Hispano-Mauro ware commanded still higher prices, very ordinary specimens realizing 30 to 40 guineas, and a very rare dish, with coat-of-arms in centre and border of foliage and arabesques, in lustred colors, 395 guineas (Durlacher).

MR. GOULD AND WALL ST.

HIS REMARKS ABOUT LOWER COMMISSIONS STIRS UP THE BROKERS.

The Majority Declare that when Things are Rushing Speculators Don't Mind What They Pay and that Reduced Commissions Wouldn't Stimulate Ventures in Dull Times—Some Agree with Mr. Gould—The Financial Policy of the Administration Criticised as the Chief Cause of the Dulness—Views of Mr. Depew and Others.

Mr. Jay Gould's remark to a SUN reporter the other day to the effect that much of the recent dulness in Wall street and the marked indifference of folks who once speculated in stocks to resume operations were due to the "high rates of commissions" exacted by the members of the Stock Exchange, has set all Wall street a-talking. The positive nature of the statement, coming from a man of Mr. Gould's natural reserve, particularly about Wall street matters, has not been lost sight of even during the last few days of reasonable activity on the Exchange. It is declared that Mr. Gould has silently entertained the views he so emphatically expressed for a number of years, and that his closest business friends and acquaintances were aware that for a dozen years or more he has protested that the fees of the brokers were exorbitant, that the speculative customer stood a good chance of being eaten up by them, and that it wouldn't be many years before the members of the Stock Exchange would be compelled to accept a lower commission rate. In support of this, a letter dated Dec. 13, 1876, from Mr. Gould to a Wall street man who worked like a beaver to make the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange something of the institution it is now, says:

I am glad to see your new Board have decided to call railroad stocks. Do this and make a low rate of commission commensurate with the present condition of affairs, and you can make a success of the enterprise.

The mining interests will in time grow to be a large business, but for a few years you must open to your members a chance at other securities to help them make a living. I will do what I can to aid the new Board in making a success.

It should be remembered, in the first place, that the members of the Stock Exchange are powerless to lower rates. They must demand one-eighth of one per cent. for buying and selling stocks, even if they see every share of the street's business going over to the "Eel Pot," as the Consolidated Exchange is facetiously dubbed by some of the Stock Exchange brokers. They can lose all their business, come down from truffles and champagne to beer and a sandwich, pawn the bric-à-brac, Axminster carpets and fine paintings and luxurious couches and chairs that adorn their offices, but they cannot and may not lower the rates of commissions. Only the forty august Governors of the Exchange can bring that about. The prerogatives and power of the Governors are vast and positively absolute in their nature. If 999 out of a thousand members wanted the commissions reduced and the Governors didn't, why, the members could whistle.

It should be remembered, also, that Mr. George Gould, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. John D. and Mr. William Rockefeller, Mr. Washington E. Connor, Mr. Addison Cammack, Mr. W. G. McCormick of Jones, McCormick & Kennett, and the Hon. Stephen Van Cullen White are members of the Exchange. What may be deduced from this? Let one of the soundest men in the street reply. He said:

"I don't see why Mr. Gould should find fault with the present rate of commissions. It is a positive fact that he and all the big men who control the market get their business done for one-sixteenth of one per cent., and sometimes for less. How is that? Well, can't Mr. Gould's contracts be carried out in his son's name? Young George is a member, and his father can save thousands upon thousands by letting the contracts go through in his son's name. Then take Mr. Sage, the Rockefellers, Mr. Connor, Mr. Cammack, Mr. White, and Mr. McCormick for his partner, Nat Jones, all these men at times make the market, and it doesn't cost them over one-sixteenth of one per cent. commission to do the business. Mr. Gould has no cause to complain. He and the men I have mentioned have the advantage every time."

The speaker had evidently forgotten that Mr. Gould didn't complain for himself, but, on the contrary, he made the explicit statement that one of the chief causes for the extended dulness in the street was because "outside folks" were charged one-eighth of one per cent. each way. Short talks with a score or more of the brokers have demonstrated that Mr. Gould's ideas concerning smaller commissions are not popular with them. That, however, to a certain extent, is natural. The majority disputed Mr. Gould's statements, and quite vigorously, too. Some referred to the fact that Mr. Gould, in an interview with a SUN reporter late last summer, supported President Cleveland and Secretary Fairchild in their diffident and listless financial policy when the merchants all over the country were demanding that Mr. Fairchild should buy 4 and 4½ per cent. bonds, and relieve a money pressure which threatened all business interests. It was recalled that Mr. Gould, almost alone out of a score or more of the city's most astute financiers, protested that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Fairchild were on the right track. His views then, and his statement in THE SUN of March 27, to the effect that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Fairchild saved Wall street from a panic last fall, could not be reconciled. Mr. Gould referred to the action of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Fairchild in buying bonds after THE SUN had demonstrated that it was absolutely necessary for the interests of the country to do so. This comparison of Mr. Gould's views has been widely discussed in the street. It is flatly stated that Mr. Gould's most recent explanation for the dulness is ridiculous, and that he should have said something about the influence of the financial policy of the Administration both on Wall street and throughout the country. A feeling of bitterness that is remarkable for its spontaneity and emphasis is directed toward Mr. Fairchild. His refusal to accept the responsibility of continuing the purchase of bonds was spoken of as absolute idiocy. The honorable Secretary was admitted to have the financial abilities necessary for a paying teller in a country bank, but beyond this none would go.

All this is mentioned to show that many Wall street men disregard Mr. Gould's remark about lower commissions as an inducement to business, and still insist that the financial policy of the Government and the uncertainty concerning the reduction of the surplus are at the bottom of the trouble. Others declared that in the last year or more the country, and for that matter England and the Continent, have been surfeited with American railroad securities. It is known that nearly all the big roads have enlarged their bonded and stock debts. This is particularly noticeable at the semi-monthly meetings of the Governors of the Stock Exchange. At these meetings vast quantities of securities have been listed, and one bright financier argued from this that Wall street and its auxiliaries were just now suffering from a plethora of securities. "A man who has just eaten an eight-course dinner," he added, "cannot sit down fifteen minutes later and eat another dinner, can he? He must wait until the first dinner is digested. Just so with us down here. The railroad companies have been grinding out securities at a great rate. The wealth of the world is increasing proportionately, and in time all these securities will be absorbed. No, Mr. Gould is wrong; we are suffering from the dormant state that follows overabsorption and not from high commissions." So learn just how Mr. Gould's remark is considered, the following interviews will explain.

The Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew: "What do I know about stocks and Wall street, any way? My opinion, then? Well, I don't think the commission rate makes any difference. The big men who make the market don't fool on fractions, and the little fellows who are in for a fortune don't mind whether it is an eighth or, for that matter, one per cent. With visions of gold mines before them, do you suppose they think of such a trivial thing as commissions? Oh, no."

Mr. H. K. Enos: "It is an old idea of Mr. Gould's. He said the same in '80, '81, and '82, when we had the biggest kind of a speculation down here. Lower commissions is one of Mr. Gould's hobbies. All of us have hobbies, and that's Mr. Gould's. When the conditions of the railroads and the situation generally warrant activity we'll have it. Everything will be changed then, and lower commissions won't bring it about either."

Mr. Alfred de Cordova: "Mr. Gould is wrong this time. Folks trading with respectable brokers gladly pay the eighth," and the brokers deserve it, too, considering all the trouble and worriment of the business.

Mr. Henry Clews: "Those who have been driven to seek a cause so remote and weak as this cannot have been taking a very close and extensive view of the situation of financial affairs and their influential associations with and bearing upon Wall street affairs during the past six or seven months. Hence, when we recollect that Mr. Gould said in an interview that he had not read anything about speculative affairs during his cruising adventures in European waters, we can understand how how he may have inadvertently fallen into the error of thinking that cheap commissions would attract business to the stock market. Mr. Gould should know that men who have the means to invest, when general influences are any way favorable, are never frightened away from the market through the small consideration of a fraction in the rate of commission. When profits are in fair prospect, the commission is a mere bagatelle. It is preposterous to think that the average speculator begrudges ⅛ of 1 per cent. for work well done, nor can a good house afford to sustain its expenses under every vicissitude of the market for less rates. Look at the expense which a well-equipped office must maintain under all circumstances for the inside information which it must be in a position to derive from all available sources, irrespective of distance, and these expenses must be kept up whether business is good or bad. The broker who is true to his customers can never relax his energies, nor curtail his expenses to acquire the best possible and the latest information that can be obtained. This implies continued expense, a large staff of employees, and the most expert talent in the market. Houses that are organized after this fashion cannot afford to do cheap work, but their customers are generally satisfactorily served, and feel confident that every possible source of information has been exhausted in their interest, and that every chance has been afforded them for making their investments profitable. Such firms are in their very organization a guarantee for safety that very few of the cheap commission houses can afford. It is, therefore, in the interest of our customers that we are obliged to keep up our rates. The Consolidated Exchange offers an experimental opportunity to those who believe in cheap commissions. But how does it work in practice? The results I think are not very flattering, and the success is not such as to encourage the Stock Exchange to follow in the footsteps of its neighbor. If a speculator is looking after cheap commissions as his chief end he can have his highest aspirations gratified in the bucket shops, where commissions have entirely vanished. But what about the security? I think it would be found, on experiment, that the security would diminish with the commissions, and cheap commissions would be neither safe nor profitable. I have frequently during the past six months, in my articles on 'Wall Street Affairs,' enumerated the various leading causes of the prevailing dulness in Wall street, but for the edification of Mr. Gould, who has been absent, and others, I may make a résumé of them again. A good thing cannot be repeated too often is an old maxim, and I have realized its truth in this instance. The strikes, the railroad rate war in the West, the blizzard, the bad winter running so far into the spring, and the consequent falling off of railroad earnings, together with the delay in legislating on the surplus question, have been the chief causes of the continued bear market and the occasional periods of almost complete stagnation. The bears took advantage of the situation, and the bulls permitted things to go by the board, until speculation has become demoralized, and many of the best securities have fallen considerably below their intrinsic values, a large portion of the decline being purely artificial. Does Mr. Gould or anybody else pretend to think for a moment that taking 1-16 out of the hard earned commission of the broker, and adding it to the profits of the speculator and investor, would have had the smallest effect in arresting these cogent causes of financial demoralization? No man in his senses, who proposes to take a comprehensive view of the situation extending over the period in question, could reason thus. Would Mr. Gould pretend to assert, with a straight face, that the fall of 37 points in Missouri Pacific was in any appreciable measure due to this imaginary 1-16 in the commission rates of those who dealt in that security during his absence in Europe, while he did not even condescend to read the quotations? He must have been terribly surprised when he landed from his yacht and found that the avaricious brokers had played such sad havoc with his pet security. The causes for the slump in Mr. Gould's properties as well as others are deeper and broader than the commission question, and those who attempt to find a solution in this are either deceiving themselves or attempting to deceive the public for some ulterior purpose. I can hardly think that men conversant with Wall street affairs would resort to such shallow arguments seriously. If the rate of commission played such an important part in speculative affairs as some people pretend to imagine, the Consolidated Exchange would have been overwhelmed with business during the period in question in spite of the other factors referred to, and the burden of dulness would rest chiefly on the people of the Stock Exchange and their customers. But this was not the case, as statistics will clearly show. I therefore conclude that the cheap commission argument has nothing to support it, and that when the general causes of prosperity have a fair field, the question of a small fraction in the rates of commission will never impede the man who has any money or inclination to invest in Wall street securities, while the retention of the present rate, as I think I have clearly shown, will afford him a better guarantee for security and greater facilities for realizing profits. My experience is that people who make money by operating in stocks (as most do who are properly directed by a good and sagacious broker) do not begrudge the broker the commission. When an operator loses money, however, he not only blames the broker therefor, but also finds fault with the high rate of commission charged, because it is an entire loss. A commission taken out of profits is not a loss, as the operator merely parts with a share of his profits for the services rendered to enable him to make them. There is really no reason for any one to make a loss in Wall street either on the long or the short side of the market, providing good judgment is used and overtrading avoided. The market may go for a period against an operator, but by a judicious system of averaging will, sooner or later, result in profit. My rule is, when stocks are away down and out of fashion, as they were last Monday, for instance, to urge buying, and when they are away up and highly fashionable with the dudes of speculation, to urge selling every time. I did this about the middle of last June. Then I told all my customers to clean their decks and prepare for a big break, and in doing so I stood alone in Wall street, and was laughed at quite generally for taking that unique position."

Mr. F. C. Hollins: "My experience is that the question of commissions does not enter into a speculator's calculations in an active stock market. In periods of stagnation and declining markets the people who purchase securities at the highest prices, when steel rails, bolts, nuts, &c., were all selling at the top notch, and lost their money by reason of the decline, now complain that business would be more active if the brokers reduced their charges to 1-16. The fact is, people have lost their money; they cannot speculate because it requires margin in cash to be deposited with their broker, and that they have not got. If people would buy and hold for a turn in the tide when stocks and bonds are selling at prices which represent the decline in the prices of material, they would reap handsome profits, and would not object to paying the regular commission charged by a responsible broker."

Mr. I. B. Newcombe: "I feel that if a man wants to speculate he does not mind paying $12.50 to buy or sell 100 shares of stock. Our men pay that as quickly as they would $6.25, and I should regret to see any change in the commission rates."

Mr. Charles M. Foster:

"Mr. Gould is mistaken when he says that the present rates for doing business keep people away from Wall street. It has nothing whatever to do with the question. Wait until the situation warrants a rush and it will come sure, and there will be no talk about commissions either."

Commodore Arthur Edgerton Bateman: "A reduction in the charges for doing business wouldn't increase the volume of speculation on the Stock Exchange 1,000 shares a day. The commission has nothing to do with the case. When people get ready to speculate they will, and not a peep will be made about the commission. The Exchange established a system of trading for the account which virtually reduced the commission to one-sixteenth, but it didn't help matters and has been given up."

Mr. Thomas W. Pearsall: "I don't think reduced commission fees would induce business. The brokers take all the risk and they deserve all they get. It wouldn't make any difference, so far as business is concerned, if the rate was reduced to one thirty-second, or, for that matter, to one sixty-fourth."

Mr. J. B. Houston: "It might be fair to reduce the rate to one-sixteenth, or $6.25, instead of $12.50, on the transactions which are closed out in a single day, but when stocks are carried through panics and long periods of dulness $12.50 is by no means too much. I never knew of any speculator stopping to consider the subject of the commission he paid his broker. There are two things contributory to dulness—the uncertainty regarding the tariff, and the reduction of the surplus."

Mr. W. L. Bull, the next President of the Stock Exchange: "When there is business an eighth is not excessive, or a bar to the transaction of business, but when natural causes lead to a depression in business, no reduction of commission will create it."

Many other brokers were spoken to about Mr. Gould's remark, and all agreed that the present rates for speculating had contributed to the dulness, and that no reduction would stimulate activity. Ex-President F. N. Lawrence was the exception who consented to the use of his name. Others entertained similar views with Mr. Lawrence, but they did not care to be quoted. Mr. Lawrence said: "I would gladly agree to cut the commission rate in half. I think that Mr. Gould is right in his conclusions that much of the dulness on our Exchange is the result of the present rates which we are compelled to demand. It is one of the arbitrary rules of the Stock Exchange which must be obeyed. I think we should have a scale of rates. If some of my big customers wanted to swing 500 or 1,000 shares and turn them over two or three times a day, I should be permitted to charge him a lower rate. Again, I should be permitted to charge one who carries 100 shares for a month or more a higher rate even than that now current. My system, I know, would lead to a slashing cut rate war among the brokers, but it would at least have the merit of keeping the business among them, and on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, where it belongs. Our rates have taken business to other sources that belong to us, and which we could have easily retained, except for this arbitrary rule."

Two other brokers said that the business of the Stock Exchange would be doubled if the commission was reduced one-half. The subject will be agitated at the coming election for President and new Governors of the Exchange.

Kate Sent Out the Alarm.

From the Richmond Times.

The white mare Kate, which runs the hose carriage of steamer No. 2 to fires, yesterday morning went through her usual training and also went one better. When the gong sounded one at 6 A. M. to give the correct time, she started for the bell rope, caught it with her mouth, and vigorously pulled it. The bell ringing the call, brought out nearly all of the minute men, most of whom live in the immediate vicinity. They rushed to the engine house ready for duty, only to find the handsome Mrs. Kate leisurely standing at her consciousness of duty faithfully performed. The station men were in the bedroom and rushed down in wonderment, but could do nothing beyond stroking Mrs. Kate's face and leading her to an extra supply of oats.

THE CITY'S CHEAP HOTELS.

OVER 300 LODGING HOUSES THAT ROOM 12,000 PERSONS A NIGHT.

The Board of Health Says the Places are Not as Bad as People Think—Many Men Were Forced to Them by the Panic of 1873—Money in this Kind of Business.

In this city there are more than 300 lodging houses, which nightly shelter over 12,000 persons. Most of these men are industrious fellows who have work to do and do it, but who in a stress of hard luck went to the lodging house long ago and found it suitable to their way of life and have stuck to it in preference to going to boarding houses. Their "hotel" is near to their shops and their places of recreation, and they have grown tired of the restraints which a workingman's boarding house puts upon them. Some of the patrons take to them from motives of economy for the time being, and are glad to get away when they can. In the cheaper lodging houses are found the poor, the shiftless, and the idle, happy enough to have places to put their heads and bodies for one or two nights as a change from the benches of the city parks, the planks at the station houses, or the iron door sills of shaded warehouses.

Many of the lodging houses are in the Bowery, Park row, and Chatham square. In the Bowery is a high order of lodging houses. They occupy the floors above business stores, which otherwise would have been used for storage, and which would not by any means pay as tenement houses. They have large, well-lighted spaces in front of sleeping rooms, many of them having plate-glass windows, through which the outsider can see the lodgers of an evening busily occupied with newspapers and picture papers.

The lodging houses that now shelter so many people are not like the lodging houses of some years ago. The rat holes that poured their vermin out in the streets of past days were damp, vile, dark cellars, or musty, wretched garrets where crime was fostered. They lined some of the streets of the Fourth or Sixth wards, but big warehouses or churches have taken their places, or they have been shut up from lack of patronage. The first of these to come under official notice was in a cellar at 31 Baxter street. There tramps who came early enough were afforded a chance to sleep upon the floor, or, late in the evening, an opportunity to tumble down on top of the early comers at 1 cent a night. This lodging was shut up by the city authorities long ago. In Washington street, down toward the Battery, in a garret, were two rooms let out to lodgers by two haggard crones. Twenty and thirty persons slept there of a night—men in one room, women in the other. When the Board of Health tackled places like these, and got up a set of health ordinances and rules and sanitary regulations, no attention whatever was paid to them. When the Board did start in to regulate them it did not lay a firm hand upon them, and they kept growing. An inspection of the cellars and the garrets revealed 2,000 places which were used to shelter lodgers. While typhus fever would come and carry off hundreds of these lodgers, as it did in 1868 and 1869, it was not until the Health Board felt itself real strong that it pounced savagely down upon the lodging houses. In 1880, eighteen months after the permit system was established by ordinance, the first application was made for a permit. This was from N. Monks, to keep at 132 Bowery.

In the mean time the cellar lodging houses were being wiped out. The warehouses and the tenement houses in Chatham square and the Bowery were metamorphosed into "hotels." Their owners have profited by the change. Three shrewd men from Boston, Messrs. Hart, Curry, and Lindham, came to this city in 1873 and started the ball a rolling. Their lodging houses were a financial success. Others followed their lead and they also were successful. The hotels in the Bowery threw away their dinner dishes and cooking utensils and started in as rivals of the new night hotels. They, too, were successful.

To familiarize himself with these queer places, President Bayles of the Health Board paid them a visit one night recently. He told a reporter of THE SUN that he was much surprised with what he saw. He said:

"I spent the whole night in my trip, and I got a good chance to see everything at its worst, for no prior notice whatever was given of my visit. I took in the fifty-cent house and the five-cent house. I must confess myself thoroughly surprised at the general excellence of everything. In the fifty-cent house I found a room fixed up pretty much like the cabin of a North River steamboat. The beds were comfortable and clean. The linen was regularly changed every day. There were wash basins, and some were of the stationary sort. I have often while travelling had to sleep in places not so inviting. There were two houses, not more than two, that I did not think well of. It was explained by the man in charge that it simply was impossible to keep things in any decent shape with the class of patrons that came to him. I felt that that was so, for the sleepers were little more than cattle. They, perhaps only just a little, were better off there than on the station house plank. The Bowery lodging houses were admirable. Usually they charge 25 cents for a lodging. They are above the first floor. They are well lighted and well ventilated. In the evening it is the custom of every one to gather in the office. There upon tables or upon the walls I found every popular publication.

"The persons who conduct these houses make money. Some time ago the Board of Health took away the license of a house on the Bowery, one of those of which I have just been speaking. It was not for uncleanliness, but because the space between the rear wall of the lodging house and that of the wall of the adjoining property at the rear of it was not what the Board of Health requires. This proprietor did not tear down the wall. He just simply changed his lodging house into a hotel. The charge to his patrons is $14 a month.

"Lodging houses, wisely, are divided into three classes. The first are reported upon whenever it is thought desirable or necessary; the second on the last Wednesday of every month; the third on Monday of every week. It is supposed that lodging houses are more patronized in the autumn and winter than in the summer, for every summer the lodging house patron goes to the country to work if he can. They return in the fall."

The proprietors of the lodging houses coincide with President Bayles in saying that there is money in lodging houses. Just now there appears in the newspapers an advertisement asking purchasers for two houses, the New England Hotel and the Salem House, both of which are on the Bowery. The owner of the New England is P. V. Husted, who lives at 353 Fifth avenue, and does business in Wall street. He has owned the New England Hotel thirty years. It was among the hotels to yield to the lodging houses. He says he wishes to be rid of the hotel because he is 75 years old. He says: "A man who owns a lodging house in this city need not fear that he is ever going to starve. Business is done mostly on a cash basis. The losses are few. There is always going to be a demand for lodging houses."

The proprietor of the Salem House is Hugh McCormick, also an elderly man. His reason for wanting to sell is that he is getting too old. He says he has been in the business from the time that the lodging houses took on their present aristocratic turn.

"The financial crisis in 1873 makes the present lodging house a necessity," Mr. McCormick said. "Hundreds of homes were then broken up and their heads took up their abodes in lodging houses. The wife and children went to friends. Most of the men remained in the lodging houses.

"We have in the lodging houses now mechanics, laborers, and peddlers, and, in fact, people who do everything and people who do nothing. It is a common thing to find lodgers staying in some houses for five or six years. The number who are a dozen years in them is also large. There are men there who went to them in 1873.

"In THE SUN of about a year ago you will find the best evidence that lodging houses are money making. There it was told how a prisoner in the Massachusetts State prison got from a man who manages lodging houses for him in this city $150 a month. He had established lodging houses here, but afterward had committed some crime and was sent to prison. All the help we need is four men. They are not expensive. Italian women are doing away with the great bulk of the scrubbing and cleaning in the houses. A house almost runs itself."

Couldn't Tell Water from Whiskey.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A novel bet was won and lost in a Vine street resort the other evening. A party of gentlemen were indulging in a social glass, and finally the conversation turned upon the quality of liquors and the ability of certain persons to judge them by the senses of smell and taste. One man in the party claimed that the best judges could be fooled by the compounders, and, after the argument became quite warm, made the astounding assertion that a large percentage of bar patrons did not know what they were drinking.

The debate grew hotter and hotter, and finally the man who had advanced such outrageous ideas offered to bet a basket of wine that he could confound any one of the party so that he could not tell water from whiskey. John Hummel, the circus man, who has had a varied experience in the drinking line, accepted the wager, and the preliminaries began. John was first heavily blindfolded, and then a number of glasses, containing water, milk, whiskey, sherry, claret, Rhine wine, and gin were set out on the bar. They were handed to the blindfolded man one at a time, and he was told to name the liquor after tasting it. He got through the list bravely until he came to the gin, which he called port wine. Then the man started him back, but it was soon very evident that Hummel's palate had lost its power. He called milk water, and finally was forced to admit that all the liquors tasted alike, and that he had lost his bet. It was some time before he was able to enjoy the wine he had lost.